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# The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

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## DIOCESAN CHRONOLGY, MAY, 1916

7.—Sunday. Confirmation at St. Peter's Church, Lewiston at 2.30 P. M.

Private literary exercises in honor of Shakespeare Ter Centenary 7.30 P. M., by the Cathedral Girls Catholic High School.

8.—Rt. Rev. Bishop attended the State Convention of the Knights of Columbus at Waterville and made an address.

14.—Sunday. Confirmation at St. Joseph's Church, Biddeford at 3 P. M.

Announcement of new parish of the Holy Trinity at Saco made in all the Churches of Biddeford; also announcement of new parish of St. Mary's, Westbrook.

15.—Hearing on validity of Last Will of the late Rev. P. E. Dupont of Biddeford at the Supreme Court, held at Alfred and Rt. Rev. Bishop was summoned as a witness. Full report in Biddeford newspapers.

16.—Annual Conference of the Diocesan Clergy of the southern part of Maine held in Sacristy of Cathedral 2 to 4 P. M. Rt. Rev. Bishop presided.

17.—Last will of late Rev. P. E. Dupont sustained by the Supreme Court.

18.—Annual Conference of the Diocesan Clergy of Central and Eastern parts of Maine at St. Mary's Hall, Bangor, 2-4 P. M. Rt. Rev. Bishop presided.

19.—Visit to St. Michael's Orphanage, Bangor.

A Lithuanian priest, Rev. Norbert Pakalins arrived to exercise the ministry among the Lithuanian Catholics of the Diocese, and was appointed to St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston, assistant to the Rt. Rev. Rector.

21.—Sunday. Confirmation at St. Louis, Auburn, at 2.30 P. M. First Mass offered in new parish of Holy Trinity, Saco, and at St. Mary's, Westbrook, and conditions in both places seem to be promising

22.—Visit of V. Rev. Fr. Sollier, S. M., Provincial of the Marist Fathers.

25.—Four new priests ordained for the Diocese of Portland from St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, namely Rev. Maurice Boland, Rev. Michael Tierney, Rev. Clement Frazier, Rev. John Frawley. The ordination took place at the Cathedral in Baltimore.

Rt. Rev. Bishop made a visit to Boothbay Harbor to look over various sites for a Chapel.

27.—Confirmation at Sanford, 10 A. M.

28.—Sunday. Confirmation at Lewiston, St. Patrick's Church at 11.30 A. M. and St. Joseph's Church at 3 P. M.

29.— Rev. Fr. Hendy, a Syrian priest came to visit the various groups of Syrian Catholics in the Diocese.

30—Memorial Day. All plans for a "Military Mass" at Ft. Williams had been made by the Chaplain, Rev. Joseph M. Kaugley, including a sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The rain was falling during the night and morning, making necessary a postponement, and the departure of the soldiers soon after the date made it impossible to fix any date. The sermon prepared by the Bishop is printed elsewhere in this number.

31.—Foundation Day of the Sisters of Mercy in the city of Portland, May 31, 1871.

# Sermon Prepared for the Military Mass at Ft. Williams on Memorial Day

## TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1916

By Rt. Rev. L. S. Walsh, Bishop of Portland.

"He was sacrificed, because He so wished." Isaias, Chap. 55, 2, 7.

*Esteemed Colonel, Officers and Men, Representatives of the Military Forces of the United States of America:—*

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which we are now present, is the supreme form of worship of God in the Catholic Church and its best prayer for the living and the dead.

It is the same all the world over, in every clime, for every nation; in every Temple from the lowly hut in the savage wilderness to the stately Cathedral of Rome, London or Portland; for the monarch and the peasant, the Emperor or the slave, the highest dignitary in the Church and the most humble worshiper in the Christian fold.

It was the first form of Christian worship to sanctify North and South America. It was the first form of Christian worship on the shores of our beloved New England; it was also the first to consecrate the coast, the rivers and the lakes of our great State of Maine.

Fittingly then does it have a part in every public Memorial of our National or of our State life.

The essential parts would not require more than five minutes, all the rest, the vestments, bows, prayers, chant, bell and rythmic movements of the priest are to give dignity, reverence, devotion and deep meaning to the sacrificial act, symbols of a great real sacrifice.

It is a Memorial Sacrifice and act of worship of Him, who gave up his life to make you and me free from sin, from Satan and from Cesarism.

By sacrifice alone, even unto death could he and did he purchase for us that freedom, and He boldly proclaimed to a pagan, hostile, unbelieving world that no one could be His disciple and share in that freedom, unless he was ready to sacrifice, offer up himself and all that he had in the world rather

than be untrue to the Eternal Father and to Himself, Christ the Lord and Savior.

Sacrifice was the means, the motive, the spirit of the religion that Christ founded to teach all men the deep, supernatural patriotism or love for their eternal home and country. "He who does not deny himself, he who loves father or mother or brother, sister, wife or children more than me, is not worthy of me, cannot be my disciple." Strong words, hard doctrine, yet the only, unchangeable condition to be a Christian soldier in the war against Satan and his kingdom.

You know what Mt. Calvary and the Cross of Christ mean in historic scene. The night before that supreme act of sacrifice, human yet divine, the Blessed Christ Jesus called His disciples together, took bread, blessed, broke and gave to the disciples, saying: "This is My Body," and He took wine, blessed and gave to the same disciples, saying: "This is My Blood," and then He gave forth that memorable command: "Do this in memory of Me," hence of my life, of my death, of my birth, of my resurrection, of my doctrine, of my deeds.

Thus the disciples and the Church, organized by them, carried out that command and the reason: "For as often as you shall eat of my flesh and drink of my blood, you shall proclaim the death of the Master until He cometh," hence to the end of the world.

Thus, my good friends, you see why the Church has adopted and surrounded with all possible dignity and honor the simple order and Memorial established by the Lord Himself.

Sacrifice then is the base and true spirit of the Christian religion, and this supreme act of worship, the memorial and renewal of the sacrifice of Mt. Calvary, keeps that spirit ever clear and bright in the minds of the true worshippers, who bend the knee, bow the head and submit the will.

## Sacrifice Basis of Genuine Patriotism.

Sacrifice is also the true basis and spirit of all genuine patriotism or love of one's country, which, in its true form, is akin to that other supernatural patriotism.

We are today gathered around the Altar of Sacrifice, around the Cross, as the emblem and symbol of Divine liberty, and around the starry flag of our great American Republic, to offer a Memorial of our united hearts for those who sacrificed their life's blood, or at least offered to do so, that you and I might be free. Their sacrifice was the price of our liberty. We are here to consecrate this Memorial Day to those, who fought the good fight, in order that you and I might enjoy peace; for those, who, marching behind that glorious flag, fought hard against their own brothers in blood and spirit, that the unity of our

country might be kept strong, sacred, beautiful; for those, who went into foreign lands to spread the liberty given in their own; for liberty, for peace, for unity, for true Americanism in nationality and patriotism, in one word a memorial day for the patriotic dead.

Our first duty is to mourn for them and pray to the Supreme Judge of the living and dead for their eternal peace.

What a vision of the dead comes before our eyes! Their silent forms lie in nearly every part of the world; in the sands of North Africa, in the English channel routes, in the swamps of the Philippine Islands, on the coast of Japan, under the China sea, under the rich soil of the West Indies, along the ragged trails of Mexico, in the rivers that sweep down from the Rocky Mountains, under the rapid waters of proud Mississippi, by the shores of the Great Lakes, in almost every state of the Southern Confederacy, in every graveyard of every Northern state, under the mighty Atlantic ocean, along our own coast of Maine, in every cemetery of our proud, beautiful city of Portland, there rise up at this hour in fancy from the sleep of death the countless forms of men and boys, who died that you and I might live and be free, the heroic grand Army and Navy of our glorious America. We mourn for them, we pray with bowed head for their immortal souls, that cannot die.

This should be no narrow view of one war scene, but ought to give a place in a broad spirit to all who have ever listened to the voice and call of their country from 1765 to 1916 on land or sea, in the Army or the Navy.

## Our Second Duty is to Recall Their Deeds.

No need to name in detail or odious comparison, for the story leaps forth from the very words that are sacred: Lexington, Brandywine, Yorktown, Machias, New Orleans, Mexico, Bull Run and Gettysburg, Manila, Santiago, Richmond, Washington, all stir your memories and ring back to life the gallant forms of the Generals who led and the brave men who with silence and courage, followed their commanders on land and sea into battle and fought unto death, "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die."

Battlefields and generals, Battleships and Admirals, officers and men, these names and dates should be listed in every Army Post and on every Ship, should form a catechism of historical instruction from generation unto generation, to stir the hearts or the young and fire the blood of veterans in the service.

I once walked over the field of Waterloo, where Wellington and Napoleon fought under the proud banners of their great countries, and the enthusiastic guide made the two great Gen-

erals almost come to life before my eyes, as he pointed out their positions and tactics.

Often by the Roman Tiber have I strolled at morn or sunset and the Cæsars seem to be almost living forms, so many are their memorials of glory along the banks of the Imperial stream, even after two thousand years have elapsed in Rome, and one hundred years at Waterloo.

Such memorials do not urge one to love or to seek war, but in stone or bronze they record and recall the heroic names and deeds of one's Fatherland. It was the Latin poet Horace, who wrote: "Sweet and honorable is it to die for one's country." "The soldier's trade," said the English writer Ruskin, "is not slaying, but to be slain for one's native land."

The third duty for us, far higher and deeper than the other two, is to know and to imitate their spirit, that we may be prepared, if and when the time comes, to follow in their footsteps, and do their deeds of valor, of endurance and of sacrifice even unto death.

To fashion men into military personalities and Christian soldiers is the work of the school, the school of the Army and Navy.

Let us hope that it will not begin in the elementary, or before the age of eighteen even in the secondary schools, where the fundamentals of all and each career in life are fittingly taught, because they are the same for all walks and professions. Compulsory military training in the elementary or High Schools will be a calamity, though military calisthenics in the open air would certainly be a blessing.

Let us beware also of the false, easy and selfish doctrine that the fashioning of the true soldier may be done in a day, when the danger is staring the country in the face.

The monotony of the camp and post life, the drudgery of daily menial work, the wearisome daily drill, where prompt, careful, accurate obedience to commands, where ambition to excel, where the habit of being the first to come, the last to go, are all small factors to the young man, who asks to be a soldier; these are in reality the very sources of the true soul and great heart, which, in the supreme hour of test, makes them silently say to the voice of Motherland: "Ours not to reason why, Ours but to do and die."

Such is the true spirit of the soldier, such the heart of the military genius.

Is such a soul possible without the daily and long continued practice of self discipline, self sacrifice? No, most emphatically, No. I dare even to sound the note on a still higher tone, and with all due reverence, placing my country as a Mother Queen upon her throne, cry out, paraphrasing the wonderful teaching of the Apostolic School: "Whosoever loves father or mother

or brother or sister more than me, is not worthy of me, cannot be my son, my true soldier."

Is such a spirit possible without religion? One may answer yes from a theoretical point of view, but in a practical sense and by the lessons of history one must say no. For proof I need only point to the actual scenes along the front of the awful, unparalleled war, now waged in Europe. Gentlemen, who figured themselves only little less than the supreme Deity before the war; governments, that in their self-sufficiency, dared even to scoff at the Ruler of Nations; man, who through a false idea of science and wisdom or through the environment of a false education, thought it a mark of power and human dignity to put religion out of their lives, are all, Lords, governments and men, on their knees in the trenches or on the mountain sides, sending up most ardent prayers for their own safety and for their country's glory. In the presence of death from machines, from flames of fire or the shining sword, they are not willing to give up life without having made peace with God, and their courage is mainly in the ratio of their revived faith.

Ought this spirit of patriotism be Christian?

In an official sense our country does not and cannot establish a National religion, nor indeed can it declare officially for the Christian religion over the many other absolutely false forms of religion that unhappily do live in this world, and especially have an open door to and in the United States. Yet the ideals and spirit of our Republic are Christian.

What was it that inspired Columbus, as the "Santa Maria," his flagship, bore him across the ocean to the shores of this Western hemisphere, called unhistorically America, when it should have been Columbia? The Cross of Christ and the spreading of that Christian symbol all over the Western waters, under the flag of Spain.

What was it that stood out, like a vision in the sky, before the most daring and most Christian of all the gallant Knights in the discovery and exploration of North America, Champlain? The Cross of Christ and the Lily of France.

What was it that guided the feet of the Pilgrims and Puritans on their exile journey from England and Holland, and which is found in the Covenant made on the Mayflower? "Having undertaken for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and the honor of our King (James I) . . . we do, by the presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God . . . covenant and combine into a Civil Body Politic." Hence under God, for God, their very political obedience and submission motived by dependence upon God.

What is there, finally, in that "Magna Charta" of our nation, the corner-stone upon which rests all the *ideals of life, liberty,*

and our *pursuit of happiness,* the imperishable Declaration of Independence?

In the preamble we read as follows: "We hold that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." In the very body we read: "We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the *rectitude of our intentions,* do solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are free and Independent States, and for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence we mutually pledge, etc."

The basis, therefore, of these rights is the Creator; the basis of our sincerity and purity of purpose is the Supreme Judge of the living and the dead, who is Christ the Lord; the basis of our confidence and success is the protection of Divine Providence.

All these words and ideas are from the Christian, Catholic sources. Are they all words, ideas, principles, applied and developed during four hundred and twenty-five years, to be obscured or erased from the National life that we call our civilization? Is it not our pride that these Christian ideas have been the very inspiration of all that is called great in our American ideals of civilization? Is it not to send them forth to the ends of the earth that we are willing to become entangled and are now very much entangled in all the great international currents of life, that alone make humanity a brotherhood of men?

What then shall be the mark, the tone, the spirit, the soul, in one word, of the new Nationalism, which is growing apace with giant strides, and dwarfing unto the vanishing point the old, simple spirit of the town as an independent unit in the State and the idea of the State as sovereign in rights and dignity among its peers, the United States.

Is there not a just fear lurking in great minds that we are in danger of losing the precious inheritance of the past four hundred years by the growth of interests, of doctrines in public, moral and commercial life, prejudicial if not ruinous to the Nation's traditional ideals? "God with us," "As He was with our Fathers so may He be with us," "In God we trust."

Surely our Christian heritage must be a part of our patriotic ideals, otherwise our Fathers shall have striven in vain, offered their lives in vain, died in vain, while our own hopes for the great vital and eternal interests of humanity, would also be but another human vanity, an illusion and a snare.

God forbid that there should ever arise in this country a man, a party, a military or commercial oligarchy, that would push that flag into war for the sake of war, for it would be an immoral act, a monstrous curse upon our land.

May our country likewise be spared the humiliation of a ruler or party that would proclaim a Nation too proud to fight, and loves peace too much to sound the tocsin of war, for that were selfish cowardice and pusillanimity.

No one may doubt that the Christian religion is opposed to war among nations as among persons, because the second commandment of the Master, "thou shall love thy neighbor as thyself" applies to both, but even more because the first commandment, "thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, etc.," would forbid the war spirit, if all nations gave to God the first place in their life as in their Constitutions.

Such conditions have never existed, nor is there any clear likelihood of such heavenly evolution, now or in the near future, so fiery red are all the national horizons.

"The blessings of peace" and "the horrors of war" are two literary and historical gems of our stumbling humanity. The latter is a truth, staring in the face every one, who has seen war at close range or has even seriously read of it on the all too well illustrated pages of human history, yet the man, statesman and ruler, bold enough to proclaim his love and advocacy of war is not unknown in modern times or the days of old, while knowing that war is Hell.

The time may come, when the so-called "Temple of Janus" will be closed forever, and war be proclaimed a relic of barbaric ages, our own included, just as are "Gladiator fights of Rome to please an enraged populace, or the 'professional duel'" to save personal honor, yet that Sun of peace has only sent its first Aurora rays up from the mighty ocean of humanity and war has come to be accepted as a sure and psychological coming event.

Who can tell how the glorious deeds of the present gigantic struggle of the nations will be crystallized by music, on canvas, in bronze and marble, by the poet's soul, the tongue of the orator and pen of the literary genius, to give pride in the past and inspiration for the next great conflict?

Let us not live in a Utopian dreamland, to be rudely awakened by the "strong man armed" that cometh with his hordes in battle array.

Equally true is the other form of words "the blessings of peace." When we lift our eyes to read or open our ears to hear the sweet words of the Master, saying: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God;" when we know from the great and good Bible that the first word of Heaven to sing of the Lord's birth was: "Peace to men of good will;" when we listen to His teaching the Apostles to say upon entering such house or city: "Peace be unto this house;" when we hearken to the salute of the Risen Lord: "Peace be unto you, fear not," we are apt to draw the natural

conclusion: cursed be the war-makers, cursed be the might against right, cursed be force, and gun and sword and fire of the battle line.

It behooves us, however, to know what words and ideas mean. The "peace" of which the Lord speaks, is not what is usually thought, namely lack of contention, supine yielding to all opponents, peace at any price propoganda.

It is the "Peace of God" in man's soul and in Nation's soul, the ruling of all man's appetites by his higher power of reason and the ruling of reason by God's law and His inspiration.

"In peace there is perfection," says the great Doctor of the Church, St. Augustine; "where nothing is opposed to God, the peacemakers are called the sons of God, because in so subjecting themselves, they bear the image of their Father in Heaven more perfectly;" the peacemakers are those who establish and maintain God's law and order in themselves and others, while those who disturb that order are sons of Satan, who dared to resist God and inspires his minions among men to do the same.

The sword, therefore, may be the only and sure means of peace and order; to fight for the maintenance of God's order is not only permissible, but may be laudable, good, great, glorious, otherwise the history of this world for the last two thousand years would be one, long, continuous lie.

A man or woman has a right to say "Peace at any price" and be too proud to fight, and it may be a noble, virtuous, self-sacrificing act, when he or she alone is involved and prefers slavery or death to the claim of right and liberty and life. Indeed it may sometimes be a duty for one to die rather than strike or injure another, but that becomes heroic, sublime, personal charity, and thanks be to God, our humanity has been glorified by many such illustrious examples.

Such principles, however, cannot and never will govern the codes of truth and justice between Nations. War and peace are not ends, but are means to the end that truth, justice and man's birthright of true liberty may become and remain enthroned in National life.

Finally, shall our patriotism be fostered by compulsory service? Free, personal military service is a very beautiful ideal. Truly it would be an inspiring lesson for the world to see our youth of America, offering themselves cheerfully and in crowds to the military service of their flag and country, thus proving that the blessings of liberty develop also the sense of duty and self-sacrifice; it would be, on a grand scale, the revival of Mediaeval chivalry and Knighthood with its unequalled vows and consecration.

Alas, is anyone so blind to the open lessons of history and actual life as not to see that human nature is apt to be slug-

gish and selfish even in our boasted and justly proud native land of America, and that the patriotic idealism or the idealistic patriotism of certain epochs and in some chosen souls, has not grown in strength and beauty with the unparallelled advance in wealth and commercial prosperity, history again repeating itself and its sad, sad lesson.

Let us still hope, by all means, but not disdain to heed the handwriting on the wall against some modern civilization or some phases of modern civilization, that the war-god, Mars, is at this hour interpreting for the most conservative of all the older nations, England, which, only yesterday, with over five million men already under the Imperial Flag, has been forced to call, by a compulsory law, all her men, eighteen to forty-one years of age, to shoulder arms and be ready to march to the battlefield.

Events, whatever be their interpretation before or after, are mightier than men or laws or treaties or even constitutions. An avalanche of snow, ice, gravel or rock will undo the plans of men or the work of a Nation, and may be what history has called an act of God, impossible to prevent. The waves of an ocean breaking on the shore, the curtain of fire from a social volcano will leave ruin in their pathway, yet both may be foreseen and forestalled.

"For God and for Country," is the old Christian motto and crystal rock of religion and liberty and patriotism. Liberty cannot be a worship, nor can true patriotism ever take on that form, but both are dignified, beautified and enduring, when enshrined with religion.

True patriotism! Today, all over our land there is a perfect orchestral accompaniment to that one, high note; speech, song, musketry and bugle, each attuned to one melody, all are in perfect harmony.

We bow our heads to honor the patriotic dead and to salute the living patriots. We uncover our heads to that Flag, the emblem of our National liberty and of our National unity. We love, we praise, we admire it, before every other National banner of this world. Yet we must not forget that every other Nation has the same love, respect, devotion and undying obedience to follow the flag, which tells the glories of fatherland.

There is, however, a flag, banner and symbol of mankind, of humanity, that speaks of the freedom for all men and all nations, the high, spiritual, supernatural, Divine freedom, upon which all personal and National freedom must rest, without which they can give temporal, but not eternal life, liberty and happiness.

Our country was launched upon the ocean as a Ship of State, under the protection of Divine Providence. The State of Maine in the first lines of her Constitution, acknowledges with grate-

ful heart the goodness of the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, and implored His aid and direction in the accomplishment of its destiny.

Ship of State, I trust thee, and in thee. Flag of my native land, I love, honor, praise thee. Cross of Calvary, I venerate thee and adore Christ who, through thee, redeemed mankind.

To all three, under God and His Divine Providence be honor and glory forever. Amen.

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# The Catholic Church in New England

## OFFICIAL DIRECTORY FOR 1916.

| | Population | Churches | Priests |
|---|---|---|---|
| The Archdiocese of Boston... | 900,000 | 282 | 777 |
| " Diocese of Burlington... | 84,949 | 102 | 101 |
| " " " Fall River... | 183,366 | 91 | 162 |
| " " " Hartford ... | 469,701 | 232 | 406 |
| " " " Manchester.. | 134,000 | 108 | 143 |
| " " " Portland .... | 131,638 | 143 | 143 |
| " " " Providence .. | 275,000 | 108 | 225 |
| " " " Springfield .. | 327,468 | 206 | 379 |
| | 2,497,122 | 1,272 | 2,336 |

### Present New England Catholic Hierarchy.

His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, D. D.
Archbishop of Boston

The Rt. Rev. Joseph J. Rice, D. D.,
Bishop of Burlington, Vt.

The Rt. Rev. Daniel F. Feehan, D. D.,
Bishop of Fall River, Mass.

The Rt. Rev. John J. Nilan, D. D.,
Bishop of Hartford, Conn.

The Rt. Rev. George J. Guertin, D. D.,
Bishop of Manchester, N. H.

The Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D.,
Bishop of Portland, Maine

The Rt. Rev. Matthew J. Harkins, D. D.,
Bishop of Providence, R. I.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D.,
Bishop of Springfield, Mass.

# Holy Cross College Baccalaureate Sermon

## SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1916,

By Rev. Thomas J. Nelligan, Rector, St. Mary's Church, Augusta, Maine.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things," St. Paul to the Phillippians, 4th Chapter, 8 verse.

*My Dear Young Men of Holy Cross:*

I have come rather a long distance to address the student body of Holy Cross, especially the class of students whose careers as under-graduates are ending in these days. If recompense were sought, it would be found multiplied to the hundredth fold in the scene that it is my privilege to look upon this evening. I welcome the opportunity to speak to you, My dear Younger Brothers, and I am genuinely proud to have as an audience such an intelligent, cultivated and representative class of Catholic Young Gentlemen. I can see the expression of character and training in your very countenances, beaming as they are with soul-inspiring eagerness for the battle of life which you are about to begin. It is easy to note there the determination and the ability to win, and of all words of human language there is one that shines out more resplendent and more illuminating than all others and it is *Success,* or better, consecrated Service and Success. And why should it not be so. You have been educated under a system whose fundamental principle is order, and where all the faculties of composite man have been brought out and developed in due proportion to the exercise you will be required to make of them. You have received what may be truly called a liberal education. It is true you have not learned all things. It is not intended that you should. You are rather beginning your education now, not finishing it. You have been taught the principles underlying the philosophy of life and your minds have been prepared to absorb the knowledge of the practical as well as the theoretical problems of the world. And while you have obtained a generous store of information of many things, your course has been principally one of *formation.* The mind has been trained and formed to select whatsoever is good and wholesome in education and to discard

whatsoever is useless or pernicious. So, when you go forth from Holy Cross into a world already seemingly crowded with giants of energy and intellect, you will nevertheless find scope for the exercise of these faculties, that have been so well developed. If you have done your full duty while students, there need be no misgivings as to the places you will occupy in the ranks of educated men. During your college course you have not been burdened with an incongruous variety of subjects that are calculated rather to confuse, or at best, serve only as a pretense in the name of education. Neither has it been left entirely to your minds, as yet immature, to select from the tree of knowledge what would seem best suited to your talents or requirements. A system that has been evolved from the experience of ages, tried and found true, has been offered you under the instruction of educators, who have acquired their preeminence by the application of that self-same system. They have not discovered it. It is not the result of one great man's life of industry and zeal or ceaseless experimentation. Neither is it the makeshift application of the theories of an ever changing public mind, or of any class of educational pretenders. It has its sanction and approval from its results in exercising the faculties of mind and heart, and imparting power to grapple with the problems that every age is encountering and presenting for a proper solution.

Considering therefore the soundness and merit of the course you have followed, I can see the propriety of suggesting two very simple lines of thought.

1. First, that you should duly appreciate the value of an education provided in an institution so justly famed as is Holy Cross and under a system that enjoys the ever increasing admiration and approval of educators.

2. Secondly, we may consider the duties corresponding to the opportunities you have enjoyed, represented in the demand that the world has the right to make on young men, intellectually and morally favored as you have been.

1. In the beginning may I be allowed the personal allusion to the fact that it is now twenty-five years since I as a student, occupied one of the places that you are filling tonight? During all these years I have never ceased to be proud of my membership in the family of the Sons of Holy Cross and to thank God for the privilege I have enjoyed studying the classics and the sciences in this institution and under professors whose memory is a benediction and who are dearer to me tonight than ever before; though the span of a quarter of a century divides our relationship.

I come back tonight as a child to a fond mother and my heart is thrilled by the welcome. I am living again those happy days, but the enjoyment is keener now. I can better appreciate the

enduring value of the time spent here, as I realize what it has contributed to the events of the intervening years. While it seems but yesterday, I have only to glance about in any direction, to appreciate the wonderment of Rip Van Winkle, as he awoke from his little nap and discovered that he was transported to another age, if not to another world.

In the class that Holy Cross sends forth this year doubtless there are some whose college course has been provided at great sacrifice on the part of parents. How much, you may never know. Mayhap they have denied themselves comforts to the extent of cutting short their lives or taking from them the means to enjoy later the compensations of their unceasing toil. They may have been willing to postpone the realization of personal expectations until the day that they should respond to the last demand of your education. Or mayhap a generous Providence has blessed your devoted parents with an abundance of the things of value in this world, and accordingly your course at college has been guaranteed without the accompanying restraints of self-denial.

In either case let sincere gratitude be the great law of your being, and may your love for them grow apace,—spurred on by the impulse of a truly grateful heart.

Again you should not cease to be grateful to Holy Cross. She has taken you from the solicitous care of the parental home, has nurtured your youthful ambitions and produced in you the full flower of intellectual strength and christian virtue. She has taught you the branches of knowledge required for success in life. Likewise she has not failed to emphasize in your young lives the idea of God and your responsibility for the talents you have received. She has insisted that you model your lives on the inspiration of Christ and she has held Him up as the great examplar of what you are expected to be in an age that has tried to ignore Him. He who dominated the power of ancient Rome and gave soul to the refined wisdom of cultivated Greece, is enshrined in your hearts and in his name you go forth to do battle for God and country.

She has gradually taken you up the mountain and as you ascended, the horizon broadened and your view of the things of life extended. You saw the vision of the future and you were forewarned and forearmed to meet its exigencies and reap the white harvest of successful accomplishment.

In the great problem of life there are countless possibilities of success or failure. Your hopes are high and your vision is clear tonight. But you know there will be sorrows to depress, as well as joys to exult. While you have now all the expectancy of youth, in the long journey that lies beyond, your steps may falter and you will need to summon to your guidance the principles instilled by Alma Mater.

Verily should you thank Holy Cross for the light to your eyes and the strength to your steps, that will make you "watchmen in towers of Israel" and preserve in you the spirit of Christ and His teachings.

2. Duties—In the words of St. Paul, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things." In earnest of your superior opportunities you must be all that these words imply. In all things you must possess a rectitude of mind and sincerity of heart, gravity in manners and decency in act and conversation, eminently just in your dealings with your neighbor, holy according to the state in life that you choose as your portion, ever practising those good offices in society that procure the esteem of your fellowman.

The world needs leaders and on whom can she depend for leadership if not upon you who have been doubly endowed by education and by the safeguards of a divinely established religion?

What a sad commentary on the conditions of our day that so many of those who are destined to mold the thoughts and ideals of men and who are to be the logical leaders in the social and intellectual activities of the future are deriving their inspirations from poisoned wells, from sources where God is humanized and human reason deified!

The great opportunities of the world seem to conspire to swell the ranks of those who deny the supernatural and seek to settle all the great problems of life by the standards and fruits of human wisdom alone.

Yet God still rules the universe and His laws are as immutable as when the world with all its undiscovered forces was born of the act of God's infinite will. Although vastly outnumbered you will have the blessing of God, the seal of Divine authority, and the inspiration of the infallibly guided Church in your leadership, while others speak only with the authority of human wisdom and under the guidance of institutions of men however intellectually endowed.

Ancient Greece and Rome rose to the zenith of their earthly glory, and their proudest monuments have fallen and crumbled. But the Church, glorious and powerful in every age, is rearing new monuments and chronicling new triumphs every day. Though she is harassed and persecuted in one place, she is building her temples and winning her victories in another. You go forth not alone but in the company and under the inspiration of an army consecrated to the service and in the name of God. The harvest is rich and the laborers still few. Some of you will select as the medium of your service the arduous yet fruitful work of the priesthood. Many will consecrate their activities to other avocations.

In the midst of your labors you should not surrender the field of journalism to others who are not as thoroughly equipped to mold the thoughts of men as you are. You should not abandon the handling of social problems to those, whose hearts may be warm in the interests of philanthropy, but who are not filled with the impulse of "Christian Charity" that estimates the value of the immortal soul.

Your place is amongst the leaders in every genuine reform. Too often men dominate who have no sympathy with the definite teachings of Christ and His Church and who, without evil intent, advocate principles that lead to religious embarrassment, when they do not weaken the foundations of Christian Faith.

You will not be poorer for the giving of your time and talents but richer, even as in Portia's appeal for mercy we are reminded of Mercy's inexhaustible power "The quality of Mercy is not strained. It droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Above all the Church demands that you be active and devoted members of your respective parishes. Give generously of the accomplishments that God, Church and Alma Mater have nourished in your souls. Be ready by encouraging word and example to lead the way for your fellow parishioners, but always under the direction of your pastor. Your very education will serve to remind you that though you are qualified by superior attainments to be leaders, it does not guarantee such pre-eminence as to entrust the parish and its problems entirely to your care. Here you are to be lieutenants, not generals. But you should work in harmony with your pastor and assist him in carrying out the various projects that he conceives for the benefit of the parish.

As you have been trained in virtue as well as knowledge, and as you have learned the need of the guiding influence of God's grace as imparted by the sacraments, it will be your duty as well as your happiness to persevere in the practice of frequent Communion as the assured means of personal sanctification.

"To whom much is given, much shall be required." As you have been favored to an extraordinary degree, your lives must be conspicuous as examples of enlightened faith and devotion. The more we delve into the wonders of creation and consider the boundless forces of nature, the more profound will be our humility and the more insistent our conscience-bidden demand for submission to the Infinite God.

I have known of the happy results that bless a parish and inspire imitation of the religious professions and practice of an exemplary Catholic college graduate. I have also sometimes had occasion to grieve over the disregard of the responsibility, that his superior training and attainments impose on the representa-

tive of our Catholic higher education who is recreant to his duty.

His influence for good or evil is potent. If it is good and he stands true to his colors he thereby raises the tone of Catholicity in those who must be influenced by his example. If he plays false and his practice is not in harmony with his profession of sound Catholic principles, the community of which he ought to be a beneficent member is worse for the education he has received. Remember again, St. Paul's admonition, "Whatsoever things are true, Whatsoever modest, Whatsoever holy, Whatsoever of good fame; Think well on these things" and let your lives bear witness that you are faithful.

And while the Church has a claim on your active and intelligent service, you will not forget that other fond parent—our country. If the Church is our mother, the State may be called if not our father, at least a very important member of the family, and we owe a filial and devoted allegiance to both. While he thank God for the priceless gift of faith, and while we rejoice that we are members of that Church built by Christ Himself on the rock of Peter and coming down through the ages of persecution, still vigorous and young and strong, we also have an enthusiastic pride in our citizenship in this the greatest country of all. What a thrill comes to the true American when he contemplates "This is my own, my native land."

The slogan of the day is preparedness. Our country must be prepared for every emergency if she is to go on in the glorious succession of victories over the foes of progress from within and without her portals. But there are many kinds of preparedness. Remember always "peace has her heroes no less renowned than war." The nation must be built up within, and her greatest security must lie in her men of character and religion. She must have God in the hearts of her leaders and her people if she is to endure. There is no living force in the world today, never has been and never will be that can leave God out of the economy of citizenship and yet lead the Ship of State over an infinite number of shoals and breakers to a haven of lasting peace.

Demagogues rise in every age and strive to eliminate God from the councils of society and place false gods and false prophets on the altars of our country. But the Eternal God, who, before the creation of the world and all the fullness thereof, existed in that infinitely distant eternity that challenges even the contemplation of the mind of men, and will still reign in undiminished glory when the last vestige of human achievements will have vanished from the face of the Earth, that God must not be dethroned by the clamorous and blatant preaching of His misguided and sometimes disordered creatures.

*There* is your opportunity to contribute effectively to your country's need. *There* is your duty clearly defined, to wrest the role of leadership from those, who in the name of false Gods would set up standards that bring only disorder and ruin to our beloved country.

And should the devastating cry of war be sounded, should there be a call to arms to defend our institutions and our homes, your duty is no less plain. God grant that you may not be requisitioned to dedicate your attainments to that relic of barbarism, that many headed monster and destroyer of nature's noblest treasurers. But should duty call, Sons of Holy Cross will not fail to respond and take their place side by side with other noble defenders ready to do or die in the great cause of country's service.

You are the last born of a large and honorable family of Sons of Holy Cross. Alma Mater has given to you all that rich as well as fond parent can bestow on her children. You go into a world of opportunity and promise well equipped to leave your impress on the problems of life. Use your talents well, that your consecrated Christian leadership may leave the world better than you find it and that God, Church and Country may bless you for your accomplishments in their service. You are now at the Commencement of your lives of action in this world, may you so consecrate your endowments that at the Commencement of the other life beyond, you may be found amongst those who have not received in vain but who have brought back to God an increase of talents and fruits. Amen.

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## NOTE.

Governor McCall proved the catholicity of his mind, and the breadth of his thought, when, in his address at the Commencement at Holy Cross College yesterday, he praised the things which the Catholic Church has done for the betterment of mankind, and spoke glowingly of that church as "the mighty bridge which has spanned the wide gulf from the dark ages to the present glorious civilization." This is really a masterly linking of the past with the present. Ours is in reality the Golden Age, and there is little excuse for those who regard it as a degenerate time. Just the same, the governor does well to congratulate Holy Cross College on keeping alive the study of Latin and Greek. To say that those tongues are dead would be to say that the culture, the literature, the beneficent learning, that is founded upon them is also dead. There is dead teaching of the "dead languages," and there is also live teaching of them; and the teaching at Holy Cross is thoroughly alive. We may congratulate ourselves upon the possession, in Governor McCall, of a chief executive whose trained mind is open to questions of culture and to consideration of history.

Boston Evening Transcript.

# A New Church at Gardiner

St. Joseph's Dedicated, Sunday, June 4, 1916.

Sunday, June 4th, 1916, was a day which must ever remain memorable in the Annals of the Church on the Kennebec, marking as it does the opening of a new house of worship at Gardiner, the dedication and inauguration of the beautiful new granite church recently erected through the untiring efforts of the zealous pastor, the Rev. Patrick H. Riordan, and his devoted congregation, to replace their old St. Joseph's which had been their religious home for more than half a century. The passing of the old church which without doubt must have held so many treasured memories of joys and sorrows, so many associations of the by-gone years, was not without a pang of regret, but passing years, and growing numbers necessitated more room, and justified the expenditure of more money than would have been necessary to restore the much faded, age laden church which would still be far from sufficient to satisfy the needs of the thrifty body of Catholics who now claim Gardiner as their home, so that Father Riordan and they have for not a few years been looking forward to the dawning of the day which would see them assembled in their new religious home.

Shortly after coming to Gardiner to take up the work of that much loved priest, the present permanent rector of St. Mary's in Bangor, the Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy, without in any way reflecting of the good work of his predecessor, Father Riordan decided it best to lead his people along lines which would eventually terminate in the erection of a church edifice more in harmony with modern times, something more in keeping with their numbers and resources, something which in years to come may always be considered among the lasting material works of the church. Quick to grasp their worthy pastor's plans, the Catholic people of Gardiner have readily responded with the result that there now stands on the very spot to which they have wended their way during the past fifty years or more, a beautiful English Gothic church in enduring granite taken from the hills of Maine.

Designed from that historic period in the life of the Catholic Church in England, which saw the origin of so many of Britain's matchless religious houses of worship, houses which even today, though in strange hands, silently proclaim the Faith of their nascence, the architect could not hope to do more than give a small idea of the beauty of the original, yet one cannot

enter the portals of the new St. Joseph's at Gardiner, and cast a hurried glance at the artistic windows, the graceful arches, the open timbered roof, without being convinced that the author of the plan while limited as to size and expense, has nevertheless been able to preserve much of religious beauty which must ever characterize the English original.

The corner stone of the new St. Joseph's was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese of Portland, Louis S. Walsh, D. D., Sunday afternoon, July 4th, 1915, and the construction has since been continued by the contractors, F. W. Cunningham & Sons of Portland, a representative firm which has in recent years seen the construction of many of our Catholic edifices in the State of Maine. The plans for this beautiful building were from the office of J. W. Graham, Boston, Mass.

The night preceding the dedication, like that before the laying of the corner stone, was rainy, gradually developing until the almost constant downpour seemed to preclude the possibility of outdoor ceremonies, but as the hour of the Sunday morning mass drew near, rain ceased, the clouds cleared, giving place to that brilliant sunshine which not unfrequently follows the passing of a storm. The good people of the parish now gathered, as most of them would in any case have done, accompanied by not a few of their non-Catholic friends, one and all anxious to witness the dedication of their church.

Promptly at 10.30 A. M., the dedicatory procession headed by the Cross bearer and Acolytes and visiting clergy followed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh passed from the parochial residence to the main entrance of the new church where the opening prayers of this beautiful ritual were said: then turning to the right the services was continued; during the circuit of the church the oft repeated Miserere, the fiftieth psalm, "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy.

And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity . . .

was devoutly recited by the Rev. clergy, while the Bishop sprinkled the walls with holy water, repeating at the same time the words of the Asperges; coming again to the entrance, the Rt. Rev. Bishop addressed a supplicatory prayer to the Lord, beseeching Him through the merits of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, Blessed Joseph and all the saints to purify and preserve this edifice just as He had the temple at Jerusalem in response to the prayers of His beloved servants, David and Solomon. The doors of the church were now opened, the procession entered, followed by the vast assembly of the faithful, to complete the simple blessing of a newly constructed church by the recitation of the Litany of the Saints before the main altar, the sprinkling of the interior walls, and the prayer sung by the

Rt. Rev. Bishop, calling on Almighty God to sanctify the place hereby dedicated to His holy name, to pour down on it His most abundant graces, and to grant to all the well disposed who may come here to pray those favors for which they humbly implore through the merits of Christ our Lord.

The officers of the high mass which followed the dedication, were, The Rev. T. P. Linehan, P. R., St. Mary's Biddeford, Celebrant; deacons of honor to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the Rev. J. P. Nelligan, U. S. Home, Togus, and the Rev. Martin Cleary, St. Dominic's church, Portland. The other members of the Rev. clergy present in the sancturay were the Rt. Rev. Michael C. McDonough, V. G., P. R., P. A., St. Patrick's church, Lewiston, and the Rev. J. Harris, St. Mary's Augusta.

The dedicatory sermon was delivered by the Rev. Martin Cleary, Rector of St. Dominic's church, Portland, Choosing his text from the Apoc, XXI, verses 1-2-3. "And I, John, saw the Holy City, the New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride for her husband; and I heard a great voice from the throne saying—behold the tabernacle of God with men; and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people and God Himself with them shall be their God." Father Cleary said:

*Rt. Rev. Bishop, Dear Brethren:*

The solemn ceremony that calls us together today, for the dedication of this beautiful building to the worship of God, is assuredly a most happy occasion for you, inasmuch as it sees the fulfillment of your fondest desires and fruition of your many labors. It is a great work to build a temple for the living God, and this beautiful edifice is a splendid testimony of the untiring zeal of your good pastor and of your own warm-hearted and open handed, coöperation with him. You behold then today the realization of your efforts in this really magnificent church, and it must be for you all, pastor and faithful people of St. Joseph's parish a supremely happy moment, when the Rt. Rev. Bishop, the chief pastor of the flock, comes with his assisting priests to perform those holy and time honored rites that will transform these walls of stone into the House of God. His home, wherein He will dwell among you.

In the olden days, God made a covenant with His chosen people; in order that man might not continue in darkness and without hope, that he might rise above the slough of his passions and might realize the yearnings of the soul within him, and that he might have light and courage to live and work for the higher and nobler end for which he was created; that covenant was the promise of a Redemer. Every page of the Old Testament tells how faithfully God kept his promise. Gathering together his chosen people in their city of Jerusalem—the abode

of peace—by many favors, revelations—special mercies He brought them to be a great and powerful nation.

Among all people of the world, the Jews alone had knowledge of the one true God. It was darkness, idoltary, shameful vice and misery outside the city of Peace. This was God's first covenant with man, and so long as man is faithful to that treaty with God, so long did he remain in peace, so long was he happy. The grace and mercy of the coming Savior was already in the land, and Oh that Jerusalem had remained true to God and steadfast to her great calling! The Savior did come. The glad day of promise finally arrived when this ancient covenant was to be dissolved and swallowed up in the perfection and greatness of the new. The Sun of Justice and the Glory of God did rise and bathed the hills and valleys of Judea with the light of heaven. But what did the Saviour find? Not the glowing welcome from His chosen people. "He came unto His own, and his own received Him not." He found in spite of all that had been done for them, a proud and stubborn and hardhearted people. The poison of greed for worldly possessions, for pleasure and honors had entered their souls, had blunted their undestanding. They had defected from the spirit and from the religion of their fathers, and when the One for whom their nation had been built and made great at last came, they knew Him not. In vain St. John the Baptist lashed them with stinging words. But he spoke the sad truth when he said, "There stands one in your midst whom you know not." And when the mild and gentle Saviour raised His voice in protest to their worldly wish to make Him their King, "My kingdom it not of this world," they failed to understand, and so they crucified Him. Victor over death, and passions, and sin and worldly power He rose again, and with Him rose the cross, the banner of His cause, the standard of His kingdom, the emblem of life and salvation for all men.

## Need of Salvation.

And oh, how men needed that salvation! What was the world outside of Jerusalem? Worse, a thousand times worse, for there was no knowledge of God among the nations. Idoltary was their weak and corrupt religion—it was in truth the kingdom of Satan. Man seemed abandoned, a prey to passion and vice. How pitiful was the condition of the world! Human reason, that bright spark of the soul, tried in vain to pierce the darkness. Education brought forth mighty intellects, scholars, orators, poets, philosophers—the greatest in the world's history lived before his coming. Learning was at the pinnacle of power, and still they remained in darkness and in misery, and in ignorance of God and the soul's great destiny. Reason availed

nothing? Culture are sciences—why there never was and probably never will be again, such culture and art and luxury as that of the Greeks, and we might as well add that we hope and pray God that there never will be again in the history of man the degrading vices and horrible misery that was the direct result of this culture and art and luxury. Oh how the world needed God—Oh how men's hearts were filled with woe—and Oh how low the poor human race and fallen, when one day on a hillside of Galilee, the Saviour told the whole story in that touching parable of the Good Samaritan to the gathered throngs gathered around Him. Did they grasp the wonderful depth and far reaching significance of that parable? Did they understand the man who went down from Jerusalem and fell among robbers, was the human race when it departed from God, becoming the prey of Satan and vice? Did they understand that the Old Law and the Old Covenant as typified in the Levite and the priests were incapable of lifting up man until the stranger—the Good Samaritan—came to his assistance and bore him to the Inn—the Church that he was to establish in this world? Did they understand when on the sunny hillside, He proclaimed those principles of morality and justice and love that were to rule in his Kingdom—Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven—Blessed are the meek—those who mourn—the peacemakers—the clean of heart and the merciful, all strange remedies for the ears of a selfish, greedy, material pleasure loving pagan world. How well He knew the human heart—how perfectly He understood the cause of human misery—and how merciful in His divine power and love He applied the remedy, "I am come (said He), that you may have life and that you may have it more abundantly—I am the way to the Truth and the Life."

## Church of Christ.

And out from the depths of that Heart of Love came the Church of Christ, the Kingdom of God in this world, the most perfect, the most sublime, the most holy and most beautiful work ever founded and established in this world, for in it the only means by which man in all ages and in all countries might come to God their Father, and find rest for their souls. How wonderful it all is, when on such an occasion as the present one, we look back across the centuries that have gone since the day when Our Blessed Lord gathered around him the twelve apostles and gave to them the greatest commission ever entrusted to men in this world. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." There were no boundaries, no restrictions. "All power is given me in heaven and on earth; as the Father sent me, I also send you. Whosoever heareth you, heareth me, and whosoever despiseth you despiseth me and Him that sent me." "Thou art

Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"Behold I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Never, never, my dear brethren, had words like these been spoken before. They were words of power, Divine, infinite power and life; and this old world of ours has been ringing out with the mighty sound of them ever since.

They ushered into being the new Covenant—the perfect Tabernacle of God with men. The Covenant that was sealed with the blood of Christ upon the cross. From that blessed day the Apostles began the work of establishing this Covenant—this Kingdom of God on earth. His Church—'till the present happy moment—the Divine Light has been shining on the world. The Church of God has been gathering into that fold the nations of the earth to the Christ where men have found sweet remedy from all evils and the peace which the world cannot give.

How truly has Christ Our Lord raised up poor fallen man! How lovingly he has poured the oil of His mercy into wounded souls by the saving everlasting truth of His doctrine and Divine power of His sacraments—and how in the midst of all the world's turmoil, through all its changing stages. Although nations may rise—flourish and decay and though armies and mighty powers may assail her, and enemies arise from within, without and encompass her on every side, she still stands, beautiful in her shining light of truth, beautiful in her unity of doctrine, beautiful in her holiness of life, with her temples, convents, monasteries, universities, hospitals and charitable institutions, of all kinds. Beautiful in her sacramental life where He gives Himself daily to His children, beautiful in her ceremonies that speak the language of worship, beautiful in her strength and in her unswerving fidelity to Christ Our Lord whose spouse she is—she stands the true fulfillment of St. John's vision, "The Holy City—the new Jersalem coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." The Church that Christ loved—still loves and will love to the end of time.

## What the Church Has Done.

And what of the great work that the church has performed in the world? Ah my dear brethren, it would make tongues of angels to recount those deeds. We know how she transformed a pagan world and how from out stagnant pools as lilies from the foul waters, there rose up bands of heroic confessors—virgins and martyrs, saintly men and women who drank deep of the fountain of living waters. How she fostered and directed the arts and sciences, giving to all learning a new and glorious impetus, bringing them all through noble channels to the sublime heights of Christian ideals and Christian expression.

How the wisdom of God entered through her, into the very heart of nations where the family and the home became the cradles of virtue, the strength of the nation. How the sacred honor of womanhood was upheld, protected by a Christian knighthood that knew no higher or greater duty save Gad and Country. How human life was valued and respected because of the image of his creator, stamped upon the soul of man. How the rights and liberties of individuals became sacred. How law and order reigned and justice ruled. How mercy to the conquered and charity to all made up the grand charitable family —a mighty nation, with Christ Our Lord enthroned in the hearts of men.

This was not due to human wisdom, it was the wisdom of God dwelling with his people. "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people."

## All Life in His Keeping.

As long as men clung to God and were faithful to His Holy Church, so long did all go well in nation, in city, and in the home. Difficulties and problems of all kinds found a speedy solution. How often she has withstood kings and rulers for the great principles of justice and virtue; for the rights of God and the rights of the weak have been safe in her keeping. To Royalty and humble peasantry alike she has sounded her master's sublime maxims: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but to God the things that are God's and to all alike she has ever inculcated the moral principle, "There is a kingdom higher than the thrones of earth to which all worldly power must be subjected" and to all innovators, her warning went forth, "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it."

## Older Than Passing Hour.

She is older than the passing hour. For 1900 years she has pointed the way to true happiness in this world, and has led an untold host of souls to peace and rest eternal. She has met and solved the problems of the past; and in her divine power she alone can solve the problems of the future. We know that when the Jews so sadly failed and we are moved to deep sadness when we recall that glorious heritage bartered away for a mess of pottage. We know what pagan darkness means for mankind, and now in the so-called light of modern times, in this 20th century world, shall men so far forget the God dwelling in their midst, as to turn again to false gods, and once more seek happiness in the fleeting pleasures of life and human passions?

### Dangers of Today.

At first glance it would appear that there is danger, grave danger, of a terrible relapse. No man can deny that the signs of the times are pointing to evil days, the disgrace of divorce menaces the honor of womanhood and theatres the disruption of the home. Fantastic theories of morality are spreading poison over the land. Greed for power has led the nations of the world into the most terrible war in history. Men seem pleasure mad—all barriers of restraint are torn down, authority seems an empty name—honor and respect for God and things of God openly flouted—and good and thoughtful men point out that the world is more pagan today than when incense was burned before the false gods of bronze, wood and stone.

### Only One Remedy.

All remedies that have been tried in order to stem this tide of evil have failed. Education, culture, civil laws and it is not difficult to see why they have failed. They failed with the Greeks and Romans of old and they fail today for the same reason. There is only one remedy for the world's evil, only one solution for the problem of the age, and that is the coming back of men to the church of God and the "Restoration of all things in Christ." For when men and nations depart from Him, and when His name is no longer heeded, when it can be said "There stands one in our midst whom you know not." then what else can there be but chaos and ruin! The house built upon the sands will surely fall, we must not forget the lessons of the past. If men are to live in peace, security and happiness, it must be by means that Christ Our Lord established. "Other foundations can no man lay but that which is laid in Christ Jesus."

### God Still Lives.

For this reason then, my dear brethren, should we rejoice today, that God still lives among us. In spite of the evil tendencies of the times and the dangers that exist in the world of modern thought and action, His Church still stands the infallible guide to men—the "Pillar and Ground of Truth." His covenant with men still holds good. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word shall not pass away." "Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." All men will see this truth sooner or later. The nations will recognize her once again. It may be after long and cruel chastenings but it will come some day, when the Cross will be in honor once more, when men learn by sad experience that worldly pleasure and worldly goods and worldly honors are not the sum total of human happiness, but are poor and empty sub-

stitutes for the things of God. They must learn the great lesson that Christ is the teacher of mankind, and that He still preaches from His throne in the Kingdom of God on earth the self same doctrine that saved the world 1900 years ago from sin and bondage, and that to a world sick and miserable today He holds out the only remedy—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you."—Amen.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop at the close of holy Mass addressed a few well chosen words of congratulation to the assembled Catholic citizens of Gardiner, outlining for them the high ideal symbolized by their beautiful new church home, asking them to continue their good work, and to look forward to yet greater triumphs for their holy faith.

Thus passed into history a day glorious in the annals of the Church on the Kennebec.

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# Oecumenical or General Councils of the Church

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|---|---|---|
| 1 | Nicea | A. D. 325 |
| 2 | Constantinople | A. D. 381 |
| 3 | Ephesus | A. D. 431 |
| 4 | Chalcedon | A. D. 451 |
| 5 | Constantinople | A. D. 553 |
| 6 | Constantinople | A. D. 680–681 |
| 7 | Nicea | A. D. 787 |
| 8 | Constantinople | A. D. 869 |
| 9 | Lateran, Rome | A. D. 1123 |
| 10 | Lateran, " | A. D. 1139 |
| 11 | Lateran, " | A. D. 1179 |
| 12 | Lateran, " | A. D. 1215 |
| 13 | Lyons, France | A. D. 1245 |
| 14 | Lyons, " | A. D. 1274 |
| 15 | Vienne | A. D. 1311–1313 |
| 16 | Constance | A. D. 1414–1418 |
| 17 | Basle | A. D. 1431 |
| 18 | Lateran | A. D. 1512–1517 |
| 19 | Trent | A. D. 1545–1563 |
| 20 | Vatican | A. D. 1869, Dec. 8– |

# The New St. Augustine's Church, Augusta, Maine

## CORNER STONE LAID, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 18, 1916

BISHOP WALSH GIVES INTERESTING SERMON IN ENGLISH.

ADDRESS IN FRENCH BY REV. F. L. LEON, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

The progress of religion on the Kennebec was again signalized by the interesting ceremonies attendant on the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Augustine's church for the French speaking citizens of Augusta, Sunday afternoon, June 18, 1916, at 3.30 P. M.

Standing on an eminence known as Cushnoc Heights, overlooking the Capital city of Maine, the new church when completed will easily take its place among the best of the many Catholic parish churches now completed or in prospect in many parts of our State. Of granite construction, with reinforced concrete floors, which render the building practically fire proof, its dimensions are 150 feet in length by 65 in width, having a seating capacity of about 1300. The architect of this promising structure is Mr. O'Connell of Boston, formerly of the firm of Chickering and O'Connell, the general contractors, Cyr Brothers of Waterville, Maine.

In attendance at the corner stone services were the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese of Portland, the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, D. D., and many clergymen from the neighboring cities of Hallowell, Lewiston, Brunswick and Waterville.

Assisting the Rt. Rev. Bishop, where the Rev. James A. Carey of Hallowell, master of ceremonies; the Rev. Paul Von Buhuar of St. Augustine's, assistant master of ceremonies; the Rev. J. P. Nelligan of Togus, deacon; the Rev. P. E. Desjardins, P. R., Westbrook, subdeacon.

As the construction of the building is already well advanced, it is planned to hold the dedicatory services during the first week in October.

St. Augustine's parish is not old in years, yet few as they are, the hand of time hath brought many changes. It was in 1887 under the episcopate of the late Bishop Healy that it had its origin. As the Catholic people of Augusta had then become too numerous to be longer accommodated at St. Mary's, the mother

church of the city, a new pastor, the Rev. Telespore Plante already in charge of the parish of Winn and its many missions, was transferred to Augusta to care for the destinies of the new parish. Father Plante organized his people and began as soon as possible work on the wooden structure which has since served the purposes of both a church and school building.

The laying of the corner stone of what must now be termed as the old St. Augustine's, took place in the summer of 1887, and as the exercises were held on a week day the attendance of the clergy was numerous. As the late Bishop Healy insisted on having an English sermon on all occasions where there might be a divided audience, he sent special instruction to Father Plante not to forget to engage some one to give an instruction in English. As Bishop Healy was a master of pulpit oratory and was then at his best, Father Plante perhaps found it difficult to induce any one to assume the task of speaking in the presence of his Lordship, however this may be, he invited his neighbor, the Rev. Narcisse Charland, pastor of St. Francis de Sales, Waterville, to speak in French, and trusted to the good will of his Bishop to assume the task of saying a few words in English. The first question addressed to Father Plante by our late Bishop on his arrival was: "Have you invited a good English speaker?" "I have Bishop," replied the ready Father. "Who is he?" was the demand which quickly followed; "The Bishop," quietly responded Pere Plante.

Among the well wishers present on this occasion, was His Excellency, Governor Burleigh, then governor of the State of Maine, our late United States senator, whose mortal remains lay just across the way awaiting burial, on the occasion when another Bishop came to bless and lay the corner stone of a new and more lasting church edifice.

On the close of Father Plante's short pastorate, the Rev. Arthur A. Hamel was called from the care of the parish of St. Denis at Fort Fairfield to take charge at Augusta. Young and vigorous, Father Hamel took up the task of bringing order to St. Augustine's household, with a firmness of purpose which soon gave as a result the well organized and flourishing parish of the present day, thus making it possible for his successors to plan on the grand scale which is now the subject of universal admiration. Father Hamel got the struggling, deeply indebted parish together, gave to it that spirit which nourished and fostered by his zealous successors, the Rev. Alphonse LaRiviere, lately deceased, and the Rev. Zeno Decarry, bespeaks a future bright with promise.

# Commencement Ideals

Commencement days are here and graduates from the nursery to the university are being treated to lessons of wisdom, pointing out to them, in lofty words, aims and ideals for the battle of life. The custom of the commencement address has become a fixed, universal institution in the land. Speakers especially qualified for such occasions are imported to set forth in eloquent and elegant language some ideals for life, and the ways and means of attaining them. The occasion has created a special style of eloquence, and from time to time, one may find among these speakers some master who excels in the power of vividly conceiving and elegantly phrasing the high things of life. They are presumed to be returned explorers from some El Dorado, bearing with them specimen nuggets of wisdom, which they have wrested with skill and toil from the wealth stored up in the mines of Opportunity; or seers who have ascended the heights, and have had a vision of the land beyond, and now come down to the valley to impart their wisdom to the awaiting throng.

All these returned explorers, all these seers come down from the mountain, are aflame with burning words, to urge the ardent, youthful, hopeful bands to push forward, to go forth on the quest; and are grave with words of warning to shun the base, the ignoble and the selfish.

One could with profit gather jewels from their largess of wisdom; Be somebody; Do something; Leave not the world without having bettered it; Live a life worth while; Seek the higher things; Service, not self, alone can satisfy. No doubt there is much platitude and cant found in many of these addresses, and yet an all too sordid world could do well to halt and listen with reverence to some of these aspirations.

These commencement addresses, though they be songs of hope have all a minor chord running through them, telling of the utter futility of the world's meed of pleasure, wealth or glory to satisfy the heart of man. Did they know they could hear that chord resounding from long ages, and put into words in St. Augustine's "Fecisti nos ad te Deus." With this minor chord there harmonizes a higher note, albeit in cryptic, vague, uncertain tone; it is a seeking, a striving, a groping for some unfathomable thing that ever lies beyond their grasping. Sacrifice, altruism, idealism is the song they feel, but cannot well express. Their striving is sublime, while their groping is pathetic. In some unutterable way they feel that the high, the

noble, the heroic dwells not in a distant land but around us and about us and within us. But these seers cannot see it, or become dumb when they would express the ways and means of attaining it.

Why is it that the ideal can never be real? What elusive worth in it or weakness in us prevents man from realizing it? Why do his strivings to embody it end only in words, words, words? Why is it that the master seers themselves can only lisp, when they strive to show how the ideal may be real? When they try to point out to generous, chivalrous souls the ways and means of attaining it their highest endeavors can be nothing more than a glowing feeling, haltingly expressed?

What if some rare and potent one who had achieved the quest could tell the eager throng when and where and how it could be found; could do more than intoxicate them for the moment with the music of rhythmic language or the charm of stirring eloquence, or the witchery of word artistry; could show us an ideal that was real; could point out where the highest aspirations of the human heart was fulfilled?

Mayhap I am over bold in seeking a place among the seers and the prophets, but in my wanderings I have seen such aspirations and ideals fulfilled and realized in human lives; not in the camp of war, under the spell of the music of musketry; not in one conflict to gain the hero's palm; not in the mock martyrdom of unsexed lives that seeks an infamous fame; not in a day's or a year's thrilling service of slumming; but in days of calm and quiet, with mature deliberation, but undiminished enthusiasm, all the rich possibilities of life reviewed, the cost estimated, and the higher, though longer and harder road chosen; not for a year, but forever; with no huzzas of applauding throngs to start or meet them on the way, but mid the prosaic day-in-and-day-out duties that come with the choice; that choice electing to labor and be unknown, welcoming the patient, unpaid toil that others might rejoice, deliberately seeking what the world calls failure that others might succeed, losing life that others might live. I can show you, for I have seen, some strong souls of what is called the weaker sex, educated, refined, cultured. They are noble and high minded as their aim and purpose indicate. They come unto a city which is a stranger to them; which has no claim upon them. They ask nothing from the city except that they be permitted to do good. They ask not for pay, they are strangely above that. They seek not wealth, nor honor, nor glory. Their mission is not a stepping stone for other things. Their own aim is high enough already, and that is to do good. They come to care for the young, to impart a high nobility, to give a higher life. The benefits they have to offer is for all without price. They show no favor to the rich and powerful; if there is any

preference it is for the poor. They seek not the natural companionship with the cultured; their work keeps them with the lowly. The delights of the world, the companionship of the world is not theirs, for their ambition may not permit of the world's dissipations and distractions. To be true to their aim, to achieve it fully they follow a regime that is arduous and heroic, and so they live apart from the world. Their self conquest is complete, their devotion is absolute, their labors are angelic. Their work is hard, their hours are long. They are at their task in the morning before the world is awake, and cease from their labors only when night brings them rest. Day in, and day out they are at their tasks realizing their high ideals in all their acts and with all the power of their being.

And the fruits of these heroic lives? Heaven alone knows; but somewhat man can see; generations come in contact with them and are infected with a divine discontent, with a passion for purity and aspiration above the world, and in the midst of a wicked generation walk clean and undefiled, and cleave to the law immaculate at the cost of what the world calls the good things of life; aye, and when need be, at the cost of life itself. Lessons enlighten us; examples make us. We are in a measure what we see. We are copies—good or bad—but always copies of others. Companionship with the sordid makes sordid; contact with the noble ennobles. And so the high and beneficent influence of their lives is reflected in the life of all those who come within their ennobling care. We have seen bands of these noble souls go into what the world calls slums, and dwelling there, live their lives, and work their will and reap even while they sowed. Heterogeneous groups of children from every race, and tribe and tongue came at their call, learned of their life and caught the vision of higher things. From dark, dank soil we have seen them grow and gather fields of human flowers, white and fair and pure and radiant in the light of heaven. We have seen thousands, more faithful copies of their models, leave home and kindred and comfort and all the world holds dear, and after their example consecrate their lives for evermore to the sole work of doing good.

But strangest part of all this strange tale, these chosen souls and their work is not in one city alone, not in some far off land, not in a sequestered haven, but they live and move and work their healthful work in all the Babylons of toil and trade and sin and shame of all the cities of the land. And yet the denizens in whose midst they move behold them not, as if for some unworthiness their eyes were holden. Real, but all unseen to the sense blinded throng, they are building cities in the midst of cities, more real, and more beautiful than that of Arthur's day:

"Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces
And stately.....
And there was no gate like it under heaven;
For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined
And rippled like an ever fleeting wave,
The Lady of the Lake stood; all her dress
Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
But like the cross, her great and goodly arms
Stretched out under all the cornice and upheld;
And drops of water fell from either hand;
And down from one a sword was hung, from one
A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
And o'er her breast floated the Sacred Fish;
And in the space to left of her and right.....
New things and old co-twisted, as if time
Were nothing, so inveterately, that men
Were giddy gazing there; and over all
High on the top were those three Queens."

The Camelot of our times, the City of God come down from heaven, is the Catholic school, on the keystone of whose gate stands Religion, the Lady of the Lake, from whose hands flow all graces, high on the top three Queens, Faith, Hope and Charity, wherein a greater than Arthur, Christ the eternal King, ever reigns; wherein his servitors, gentle virgins, Brides of Christ, more pure, more strong, more true than Gallahad of old achieve the Quest, behold the vision of the Grail unveiled, and taste of It and are nourished on It, and in Its strength live to fulfill "the boundless purpose of the King.....

"To reverence the King as if He were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ
Follow the Christ, the King
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King."

Let the graduate go forth from these schools, inspired by the knightly ambition to find the highest and the noblest in life; let him go into all lands, visit all peoples, let him try all systems of thought, all records of deeds, explore all times; let the literature and the folk lore and the hero worship of all nations be open to him; let him go and cease not till he find the supreme ideal in life and his quest will lead him back to the school room of the days of his youth, where not only on commencement day, but on all the days of all the years the ideal is real.

J. A. C.

# Reminiscences of Gardiner

On the occasion of the passing of the old and the inauguration of the new, one who has in a way known the work from the beginning, naturally becomes reminiscent,—consequently not reluctant to wander in the realms of the past. The Catholic parish of Gardiner has seen three resident pastors, the Rev. Raphael Wissel, O. S. B., the Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy, now permanent rector of St. Mary's, Bangor, and its present worthy occupant, the Rev. Patrick H. Riordan. Visiting priests she has known many especially during Father McCarthy's long stay of over 21 years,—for I think it was the custom and tendency of the clergy of those not yet distant days to mingle with greater frequency and to while away many a happy hour. One might then have seen the members of a generation that has well nigh passed and gone, a generation that gave to the Church of Maine, the Murphys, the O'Callaghans, the O'Briens, not to mention many other of lesser note, all of whom were well known to the good people of Gardiner, from the fact that they were frequent guests at their pastor's table, and were always pressed into service on any and every occasion. Not yet ordained or at the most young priests on distant missions in Father Wissel's day, it was only after the parish had passed the transition period, and had become under the zealous and watchful care of Father McCarthy the nucleus of the present, that it began to know and be interested in the ministry of a diocese then weak in numbers but large in territory.

Then Father Wissel was new to the country, and perhaps strange in his ways and customs to a people who always nevertheless loved and respected their clergy. And what is more it was not easy to find his home, for not unlike a dove, the good man had his cote up in the very roof of "Old St. Joseph's." Just how he existed, would be indeed hard for us of the present day to conceive, for as we descend from the church garret, to what was Father McCarthy's humble dwelling, then to the cosy abode of Father Riordan, we realize that the good people of Gardiner have provided their devoted clergy with the comforts of life, in the same measure that they have pushed their church to its present magnificent proportions.

But to the days when "old St. Joseph's" first saw its origin. Looking a few weeks ago over some old and faded papers, we came across the following brief notice: "Bishop Bacon of Portland, formally dedicated the Roman Catholic Church in Gardiner last Sabbath—About fifty adults and children were confirmed."

We found the above historic note in the files of the Kennebec Journal under date of Friday, June 19, 1863, so that it was on Sunday, June 14, 1863, that the first Bishop of Portland came and blessed the first Catholic church erected in Gardiner, and which has since been known as St. Joseph's. A period of more than half a century has thus passed by since the church has been publicly known to the good people of Gardiner. The priest who answered for the spiritual welfare of the Gardiner Catholics of that now distant day, was one who saw long and faithful service in the mission fields of Maine and New Hampshire, one who was as it were a pioneer laborer along the beautiful valley of the Kennebec, the Rev. Charles Egan. Others it is true had gone before him, but his was the constructive period, the time of preparation of the people for the one who would eventually come to live in their midst. For thirteen years his ear was open to the calls that came to him from his Mission of Gardiner, and so accustomed had he became to the road from Augusta to the down river town that it would not be too much to ask him to tell the names of all then living along that busy way, from which he passed to other fields in November of 1869, leaving a soil already well tilled to his talented young successor, the Rev. Michael C. O'Brien. In the spring time of 1874 there came another priest yet young in years, the Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan whose period of zealous service terminated with the establishing of a regular pastor in the person of the late Raphael Wissel, O. S. B.

Like a living picture we have seen them pass; we have enjoyed the acquaintance of Fathers Egan, O'Brien, O'Callaghan, Wissel, the pioneers of the two zealous priest's yet doing noble work in the vineyard of the Lord, hence as above hinted, we feel that we have known even though from afar, the work of the Catholic Church in Gardiner, since that day when the cross was first erected on that beautiful corner which has since been its home, an acquaintance which if anything has but ripened and grown deeper with passing years.

We might perhaps justly go farther and draw the curtain from the days when Gardiner knew no Catholic Church, to the days when the wandering priest that now and then came along, sought out some good Catholic home, and there offered for the consolation of the few faithful, the eternal sacrifice, to the days when Gardiner is known to have been visited by the early apostles of the Faith, to the days of Fathers Putnam, O'Reilly, Moore, Caraher, Ryan, and perhaps those peerless men, Cheverus and Matignon, for we must remember that the Church is old on the Kennebec, that she can justly lay claims to a venerable antiquity in this perhaps the most beautiful, certainly most fertile river valley in our State. Just to get a few lines on this interesting matter, we addressed a short note of inquiry

to an old friend, to one who perhaps knows Gardiner and its surroundings from long association better than anyone we know. Our reply was what we had every reason to expect, lengthy and to the point, and while the writer in his modesty does not give us any reason for ascribing the antiquity we would wish to the life of the Church in Gardiner, we find by reading between the lines of this interesting missive, just the hints that have placed us in touch with matter which is valuable for the construction of the history of the Church in Maine.

So states the letter in question: "Catholicity is not very ancient at Gardiner or the other towns for that matter, so far as I ever heard. The Kennebec town owes more to Whitefield, I think. Perhaps Bernard Esmond's mother was one of the first Catholics there. He told me either that she had lived there long before her marriage, or was born there, I am not sure which. She was a Stuart and claimed relationship with Scotch royalty. Bernard was born at Gardiner Oct. 15, 1820; his wife Mary O'Brien at Boston, went to school with Archbishop Williams, and was at the Charlestown Convent when it was destroyed.

In going over the families as well as I could, I could not recall any in Gardiner more ancient than your grandfather, the Keatings, Doyles, etc., of Whitefield. The Rafters and such came later to Gardiner. I have heard Esmond say that Ann Rafter, the oldest sister of Mrs. Vannagh, was the first Catholic after his mother who did business in Gardiner. Mrs. Vannagh came at her suggestion. The Dumphy's also came there very early. But Augusta and Gardiner are the daughters of Whitefield; Hallowell not so much. The Dalys, Cunninghams, O'Briens, Kelleys, etc., came later and fought the Know Nothing battles in their time.

I regret now that I did not get more information from Esmond while I could.

Tomorrow will be the anniversary of Father Egan's death," the letter from which I am quoting bears the date of March 3, 1914, "remember him at the altar. I wish I could do better but I cannot." Thus closes the historical part of this letter from one who has seen much of Gardiner and of the noble ones that have passed to their reward.

Opening an old worm eaten, time worn baptismal register we find written in the hand of Denis Ryan, the first priest ordained in New England, the following entry:

"Nov-1 1820

Bernard Esmond born Oct. the 15th of Martin and Jean Esmond Sponsor Elizabeth Boyle."

This at least indicates that there was one Catholic family in Gardiner as early as 1820. From another authority, we learn that Martin Esmond, a native of Ireland, came to Gardiner

from Boston about 1810, where he probably met his future wife, Jean or Jane Stuart who according to the letter above quoted was at least a sometime resident if not a native of the old town on the Kennebec.

In the year of 1803 when the town of Pittston was divided, and the new town of Gardiner created, the only names we find on the tax list of the new town that would give any suspicion of their owners being Catholics, were Thomas W. Doyle and Edward Welch both of whom are simply credited with having paid their pole tax. In a list of over one hundred property holders, we do not meet a single name that might give us a clue to any Catholic then living among Gardiner's early settlers.

Another Catholic family that came to Gardiner at an early date were the Costelloes who were apparently among the pioneers. There may have been others, and we believe that there were not a few individuals who possibly followed shipping and lumber interests then considerable on the Kennebec, and Gardiner being practically at the head of navigation many would naturally have settled here.

Celtic immigration was then tending towards Maine especially to the Kennebec section of the State; the growing Catholic colony of Whitefield was receiving family after family, hence it seems not unreasonable to suppose that passing as most of them did by Gardiner, quite a few of the young men and women sought employment and perhaps even remained.

Traditions would seem to indicate that the pioneer priests visited Gardiner now and then, and it is not at all improbable that mass was offered in some Catholic home in the early years of the nineteenth century. Common opinion would seem to point out the old Esmond house as one of these chosen places. Others there may have been but there are certain facts which would seem to justify the conclusion that this home was at one of those few places where in the early days of our State, the missionary priests used to meet a few of the faithful from time to time and offer in their midst the holy Sacrifice. Martin Esmond was one of the few who was able to send his children away to Catholic schools. We find records of this sacrifice having been made by Messrs. Kavenaugh and Cottrill of Damariscotta as well as by Mr. Esmond who sent his boys to Montreal where one of them, John, born in 1818, died in 1834.

In some of those long to be remembered talks given by the late Archbishop of Boston on the occasion of his official visits to Maine, His Grace used to frequently refer to his early experiences in Maine, how as a child his parents were accustomed to send him to Gardiner by sailing packet, thence in charge of a youth about his own age, up the Kennebec over the old Indian trails to the Canadian educational centers of Quebec and Mon-

treal. The Gardiner youth, Bernard Esmond, and the Boston boy, John J. Williams, the great Archbishop of future years, were thus fellow travelers and fellow students. Together they passed over the ways blazed so many years ago by our first missionaries; together they drank at the founts of Christian learning; together they grew in age and wisdom; together they attained the ripe years of more than three score and ten, the one as a humble and devoted soldier in the ranks, the other as a great Churchman and leader in the Catholic household of New England; the one an example for the Catholic laity, the other a model of those sacerdotal virtues which should characterize the apostle of the Faith, both privileged to bear testimony, ere passing to their eternal reward, to the marvelous growth of the Church on New England soil.

# The New Parish in Saco

Should the auspicious inauguration of this new parish by the offering of the holy Sacrifice within its limits, on the last Sunday of May, presage in any way its future, we cannot but look forward to prosperous days for the Church in this old Maine town.

An attendance of about 650 gathered about the newly appointed pastor, the Rev. T. J. Mahoney, Sunday, May 28th on the occasion of the first Sunday services held by the Catholic Church in Saco, surely a very substantial encouragement by the Catholic people of the town to the young priest who had come to reside in their midst.

It was away back in 1827 that Saco was first honored by a visit from the 2nd Bishop of Boston, the illustrious Fenwick, who had just completed a tour of the State of Maine. He had come by steamer to Portland, thence had gone to Eastport or Passamaquoddy by sailing packet, and had gradually worked his way back along the coast visiting here and there the few struggling Catholic settlements. It was about the middle of August when he reached Saco on his return to Boston.

One of the many gathered into the fold of the Church by the kindly ministrations of his predecessor, Bishop Cheverus, was now living in Saco, the noted Dr. Henry Greene, one of the most eminent physicians of his day.

The travel worn Bishop was welcomed to his home where on the festival of the Assumption, August 15, 1827, he celebrated holy mass and administered the sacrament of Confirmation to his host and a few others.

This is the first recorded mass that was offered in Saco, but we may feel reasonably certain that the holy Sacrifice had already sanctified the Saco valley many years before.

# Catholic Charities Conference

## FOURTH BIENNIAL SESSION WILL BE HELD AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY IN SEPTEMBER.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities will hold its fourth biennial session at the Catholic University, Washington, September 17, 18, 19 and 20. Work on the program is nearly completed.

The Conference holds general meetings, usually in the evening, at which fundamental problems of interest to the entire membership are discussed. It holds section meetings, each one being in charge of a special committee interested in a particular field of relief work. There are committees on families, on social and civic activities, on sick and defectives and on children. Arrangements are made for two meetings for each committee during the days of the Conference. At each meeting from two to four papers are read. These are discussed by a small number appointed for that purpose after which general discussion from the floor is invited. The utmost freedom of discussion is encouraged. The Conference never votes on any policy of relief. It leaves all members untrammelled in the expression of their views.

This arrangement lends intense interest to the meetings since there are no less than twenty-seven states represented at the Conference sessions. Those in attendance bring the advantage of wide experience and well tested leadership to the expression of their views in either papers or discussions.

All Catholics who are interested in any feature of relief work are cordially invited to become members. The report of each biennial meeting of the Conference makes a volume of approximately four hundred pages. These reports constitute already an important element in the literature of Catholic charities in the United States. Perhaps the most important constructive action expected at the meeting of the Conference next September will be the creation of a National Catholic charities monthly magazine. It will be the successor to the St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly which has been published by the Superior Council of New York for twenty-one years.

At a meeting of the National Committee of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at the Catholic University in November, 1915, heartiest encouragement was voted to the plan of converting the Quarterly into a monthly and of placing it under the editorial direction of Rev. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University staff.

It is expected that the National Conference of Catholic Charities will endorse the plan, since it has twice voted in favor of it at former meetings.

All inquiries for information about the work of the Conference or the program of the forthcoming session or the sale of the reports may be addressed to the Secretary, Rev. Dr. Kerby, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

THE CATHOLIC BULLETIN.

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# Gifted Nun Writer Is Dead

Readers of the Catholic press in all parts of the world will learn with deepest sorrow of the sudden death, on June 5, of Sister M. Antonio Gallagher of St. Xavier's Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Beatty in the diocese of Pittsburgh. Sister M. Antonio was the "Rev. Richard W. Alexander" whose touching and powerful stories of conversions to Catholicity have been the features of Catholic weeklies and magazines throughout the English-speaking world for the past nine years. Many of these productions have been translated and published in foreign languages. She was also widely known as a poet, and in this capacity, as in that of a writer of prose, she modestly hid her identity under a pen name, "Mercedes."

Not until June, 1911, when His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, acting for St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md., her alma mater, conferred upon Sister M. Antonio the degree of L. H. D,. "in recognition of successful literary work in the service of morals and religion." was the humble Sister of Mercy, hitherto hidden in the mountains of western Pennsylvania, revealed, much against her personal inclination as the "Reverend Richard W. Alexander" and as the "Mercedes" whose devotional verse had graced the pages of every Catholic periodical in this and other English-speaking countries.

Sister M. Antonio was a native of Philadelphia. In the world she was Mary Cecilia Gallagher, of the well-known family of that name, who were parishioners of old St. Mary's far back in the last century, as the family vault in St. Mary's graveyard testifies, 1819 being the date of the first recorded interment therein. She was a cousin of Mother M. Katharine Drexel, their paternal grandmothers, Mrs. B. F. Gallagher and Mrs. Francis M. Drexel, having been sisters, born Hookey.

THE TRUE VOICE.

# Las Casas, Historian and Liberator

It will be 350 years next month since the death in Madrid at the age of 92 of Bartolome de Las Casas, the first priest ordained in America and the man whose lifelong labors excluded slavery from the South American continent.

Las Casas shines forth from the chronicler's page as the most commandingly benevolent figure of the Spanish Conquest. In the words of Sir Arthur Helps "his was one of those few lives that are beyond biography, and require a history to be written in order to illustrate them." Of artistocratic birth, the son of one of Columbus' companions, he settled in Hispaniola, or Hayti, in 1502. There he was ordained about 1510. When Father Antonio Montesino, preached his great sermon at San Domingo in 1511 in which the Spanish rulers were flayed for their wickedness toward the Indians, Las Casas was profoundly impressed.

Finding that he could not impress the settlers, Las Casas sold what goods he had and went to Spain.

In Cardinal Ximenes, regent of Spain, he found an upholder. Something in the way of restrictive laws was accomplished. It was an uphill battle that did not achieve full success until 1537, when the Pope Paul III, issued his edict forbidding slavery. That edict found Las Casas and his fellow monks preparing for the peaceful conquest of Tuzulutlan, the "Land of War," just north of Guatemala, inhabited by cannibals, who had thrice defeated the invading Spaniards. In six months the monks had converted the Indian chieftain, built a little church and procured the abolition of human sacrifices. In less than a year more the Indians had destroyed their idols and renounced cannibalism. The best thing about the miracle wrought by Las Casas and his brothers was that the peaceful conquest was permanent.

The "History of the Indians," completed in Las Casas declining years, is our greatest authority for events in the New World up to the year 1522. Its publication at Madrid in five volumes in 1875 fittingly commemorated the 400th anniversary of the birth of the great historian and liberator.

THE TRUE VOICE.

# The Catholic Church in Gardiner

## NOTES ON HER EARLY HISTORY.

In the last hours of preparation devoted to the present number of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine there have come to us from the kind hand of one who furnished the inspiration for the article in this issue, entitled "Reminiscences of the Catholic Church in Gardiner," additional information which we might perhaps have been tempted to mingle with the composition just mentioned, had they then been available covering as they do some of the same data. There being however many details heretofore unpublished among the notes just received, we deem it best to give them a separate setting enhancing thereby their value for the future historian.

Starting with the introduction, "From Notes taken from Notes of Fr. Raphael Wissel, O. S. B., and Ber. Esmond,"—this very interesting communication states:

Long before the Diocese of Portland was established, Gardiner Catholics were visited at various intervals by Missionary priests generally from Canada.

It is a well established tradition that Cardinal Cheverus and Bp. Fenwick visited there several times on their journeyings north.

The home of Martin Esmond was their headquarters. Mrs. Esmond, wife of Martin, was a Stuart and claimed the royal blood of Scotland. She kept a store on Water street. To her care was entrusted by Cardinal Cheverus all articles pertaining to Divine Worship. After the erection of the Church at North Whitefield, Gardiner was attended from there by Frs. Ryan, Caraher, Putnam and others.

In 1841 Bishop Fenwick wrote as follows to Mrs. Esmond:

Boston, June 2, 1841.

Dead Madam:

In consequence of the repeated and most earnest solicitations of the Catholics of Augusta, I have been induced to send a priest to that mission. This priest, the Rev. Mr. O'Bryne will also have charge of Gardiner and Hallowell.

I rejoice the more at being able to send you a priest as it will bring the benefit of religion nearer home to you and the other Catholics of Gardiner, who I doubt not will give him as hearty a welcome as the Catholics of Augusta.

With sincere regards

I remain your friend in Christ

BENEDICT,

Bp. of Boston.

In succeeding years, Gardiner was visited monthly from the time of Fathers O'Reilly and Putnam to that of Father Charles Egan who in his first years said mass as did his predecessors in private houses, halls, and schoolhouses.

In 1856, Father Egan urged on by the people, purchased a lot of Patrick Maher on the corner of Lincoln and Tremont streets at a cost of $2,000.

This lot did not meet with the approval of Bp. Bacon on his visit to Gardiner the following October and another lot was selected on the corner of Lincoln and School streets. This was purchased by Col. Tucker, a cousin of the Esmonds, ostensibly for himself and turned over to the Catholics, much to the chagrin of the non-Catholics who opposed the Colonel's action with a vehemence. Then the Catholics with much aid from the better disposed non-Catholics, and by the proceeds of collections, and fairs gathered a good sum of money and laid the foundation of the new church in May, 1858—Denis Ryan being appointed supervisor of the work. The people gave not only their money but their manual labor. When the exterior was finished a temporary altar was erected and Mass was first celebrated on Oct. 1858. Collections were taken, improvements made, pews purchased, etc., and on the occasion of Bishop Bacon's visit June 14, 1863, the church was dedicated under the patronage of St. Joseph; Fathers Egan, Cornelius O'Callaghan and another (Name unknown) probably Eugene Moeller, V. G., being present. Confirmation was administered on the same day.

Another fair netted $500 and for this sum a black walnut altar made by Hovey of Augusta was placed in position. Stations of the Cross, carpeting, etc., followed gradually. Cost of church thus far about $4,000. After Father Egan's removal Father M. C. O'Brien attended Gardiner twice a month from Augusta. Confirmation was administered for the second time by Bishop Bacon on Sept. 28, 1873.

Gas and other improvements were made, an organ, chalice, ciborium, brass candlesticks were purchased by funds collected by Mrs. Kavenaugh afterwards Mrs. Wheeler at a cost exceeding $200.

Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan succeeded Fr. O'Brien and purchased many things such as vestments, altar cloths, laces, etc. He was removed to Portsmouth in Oct., 1875. During his administration, a good choir was organized under the direction of Mrs. Denis Ryan.

The Rev. Raphael Wissel, O. S. B., succeeded at Augusta the Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan in December, 1875, and attended Gardiner from Augusta until his appointment to Gardiner as its first resident pastor in August, 1877, having been succeeded at Augusta by the Rev. D. W. Murphy. Father Wissel also at-

tended Togus, Richmond, Winthrop, Leeds Junction, Monmouth and Readfield. He was the first salaried priest at Togus.

Father Wissel was succeeded by the Rev. Jeremiah McCarthy on January 12, 1880, who remained at Gardiner until Nov. 2, 1900.

Among those who most aided the early Church of Gardiner, may be mentioned: Martin Esmond's family; James Maher and family, formerly of Whitefield, later of Mobile, Ala.; the Rafter women, Ann, Elizabeth, and Ellen; Denis Ryan, one of the noblest and best; John Dalton; Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien formerly of Whitefield, parents of Mrs. Bernard Esmond; Mrs. Peter Kavenaugh, afterwards Mrs. Wheeler, a great worker; John Long, Mrs. Cummings, David Cunningham, Cornelius Coughlin, Daniel Daly, Timothy Kelly, James Kelley, Mr. Burgess, father of Jeremiah Burgess, who raised a large family, William Rafter, Isaac Vannagh, Michael Hickey, etc.

In publishing these historic notes on the Catholic people of Gardiner, it has not been our intention to overlook any who were among the defenders of the Faith and the Church during the years of her infancy in this old city on the Kennebec; should any have failed to receive due credit, our only apology must be our inability to obtain the necessary data, or to be accorded that assistance which the dignity of the work, and the glory of the cause would seem to demand.

A visit to the last resting place of the man who as far as we are able to judge from the facts at hand, should be accorded the palm of being the first Catholic, both by years of seniority and usefulness in the town of his adoption, shows that the hand of passing time will soon efface that record usually placed by loving hands over the grave of the departed. After great difficulty we were able to decipher the following:

Gloria in Excelsis Deo

✠

Here lies the body of
Martin Esmond
Native of the County of Wexford, Ireland
who departed this life
in Gardiner, Maine, Jan. 19, A. D. 1832
Aged 42 years
A better man when living few ever knew
An exemplary Christian, a sincere and
Edifying Catholic:—an upright and honest
man, ever ready to give an account
of the faith that was in him
and to produce the duties it prescribes
Who ever that knew him that did not esteem him
who ever that knew him that will not regard him

A kind husband, an affectionate father
A good neighbor and a friend to the Poor.
Reader leave not this tomb without offering
a prayer in his behalf do for him what
you will wish that others shall do for you
and remember that it is a holy and wholesome
thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed
from their sins.—2 Mach. 12:16.

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# Hon. Seth Grosvenor Fessenden

We have noticed in several of our exchanges, an account of the conversion of the Hon. Seth Grosvenor Fessenden, Stamford, Conn., to the Catholic faith, and his reception into the Church by the Rev. Jas. C. O'Brien, pastor of St. John's Catholic Church, Stamford, Conn. The statement that Mr. Fessenden was a brother to William Pitt Fessenden of Maine does not however appear to be correct. The Rev. Samuel C. Fessenden, pastor of the Congregational church at Rockland, Maine, 1837-56, and publisher of the Maine Evangelist, 1856-58, and father of Seth Grosvenor Fessenden was a brother to William Pitt Fessenden which would make this noted convert to Catholicism a nephew of one of our Country's greatest statesmen. The Fessendens have always been prominent in our history since the coming of their ancestors to America in or about 1674, but the most distinguished member of this well known family was without doubt William Pitt Fessenden who was identified with State and National affairs from 1832 to his death at Portland, Maine, Sept. 8, 1869, but it was especially during the years immediately preceding the war between the North and the South, and then during those trying days from 1861-65, that he attained that prominence to which he was justly entitled because of his extraordinary abilities, and which rendered his services of such great value in the reconstruction of our war-torn country.

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